

GOLD  
KEY

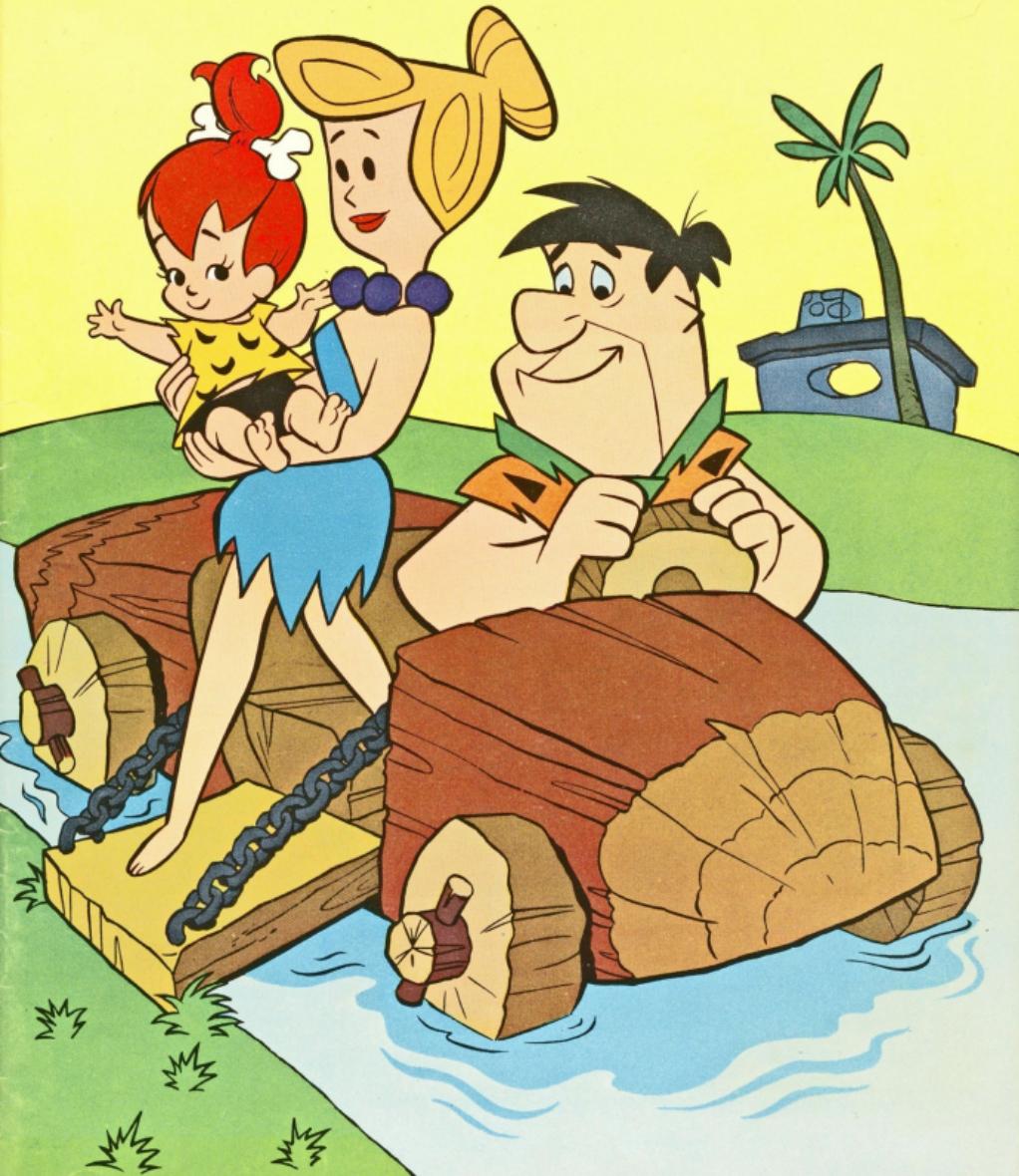
THE FLINTSTONES

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JUNE

HANNA-BARBERA

# THE FLINTSTONES



Hanna-Barbera  
THE FLINTSTONES

# GONE WITH THE BIRD

LUGH! WHAT'S THE  
MATTER, WILMA...HAVE  
YOU CHANGED YOUR MIND  
ABOUT GOING ON A  
PICNIC?

YOUR RUDENESS  
IRKS ME, FRED! HAVEN'T  
YOU EVER HEARD  
OF LADIES FIRST?



OH, ALL RIGHT... I WAS JUST  
ASSERTING MY LEADERSHIP  
QUALITIES!

NOW YOU CAN  
OPEN THE DOOR  
FOR ME!

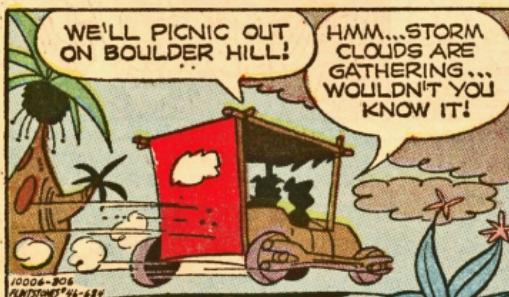
SURE! HEH!  
ANYTHING FOR  
MY WEAKER  
HALF!



WE'LL PICNIC OUT  
ON BOULDER HILL!

HMM...STORM  
CLOUDS ARE  
GATHERING...  
WOULDN'T YOU  
KNOW IT!

WELL, MY STOMACH IS TOO  
DETERMINED TO STOP NOW!  
LET'S KEEP ON AND HOPE FOR  
THE BEST!



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AND I'LL BE TRULY GENTLEMANLY AND  
GIVE YOU THE **BIGGEST** UMBRELLA  
BIRD, DEAR!

OH, FRED...YOU'RE  
CATCHING ON AT LAST!

PLUCK!

OF COURSE! YOU DIDN'T  
MARRY A DUNCE!

FRED... MY BIRD IS FLAPPING!

RELAX... RELAX...  
YOU'RE STILL NOT  
GETTING WET!

FLAP!  
FLAP!

**EEK!**  
WE'RE  
AIR-BORNE!

FLAP!  
FLAP!

HEY!  
BRING BACK  
MY WIFE!

ZOOP!

DON'T WORRY... I'M COMING  
AFTER YOU, WILMA! UP... UP,  
AND AWAY!

FLAP!

FLAP!  
FLAP!

OOF!  
I... I GUESS **MY**  
UMBRELLA BIRD IS  
TOO SMALL TO LIFT  
A BIG CARGO  
LIKE **ME**!

THUDA!

FRED...YOU'RE NOT BEHAVING VERY CHIVALROUSLY!

DON'T WORRY—I'LL  
RESCUE YOU YET, WILMA!

I'LL RENT A  
RELIABLE  
BIRD...

YOO-HOO...WARM UP  
A FAST FALCON OR  
SOMETHING FOR ME!

U-RENT  
NEST BIRDS  
FOR HIRE.

ARE YOU KIDDING? MY BIRDS WON'T BUDGE  
IN WET WEATHER! YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT  
TILL THIS STORM BLOWS OVER!

YIKES! I  
HOPE IT'S  
SOON!

U-RENT

POOR WILMA! MY  
ONLY CONSOLATION IS  
THAT SHE'S NOT GETTING  
WET!...COLD, JOSTLED  
AND SCARED...BUT  
NOT WET!

ONE HOUR LATER...

OKAY...YOU CAN GO  
UP ON CYCLONE,  
NOW!

WHWEE!  
ABOUT  
TIME!



BUT FRED SEARCHES  
HIGH AND LOW, AND...

NO SIGN OF WILMA  
AND THAT UMBRELLA BIRD  
ANY PLACE!



THERE GOES  
A GIANT HAWK  
WITH SOME KIND  
OF, ER...PARASITE  
ON ITS BACK!

WHAT?!

I RESENT THAT TART REMARK!

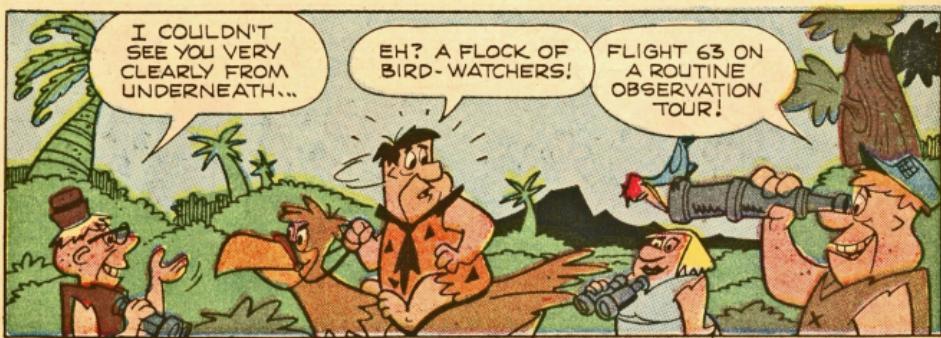
OOPS!  
BEG YOUR  
PARDON,  
SIR!



I COULDN'T  
SEE YOU VERY  
CLEARLY FROM  
UNDERNEATH...

EH? A FLOCK OF  
BIRD-WATCHERS!

FLIGHT 63 ON  
A ROUTINE  
OBSERVATION  
TOUR!



SAY... MAYBE YOU BIRDS...  
I MEAN, FOLKS, COULD TELL  
ME SOMETHING ABOUT THE  
HABITS OF THE  
UMBRELLA BIRD!

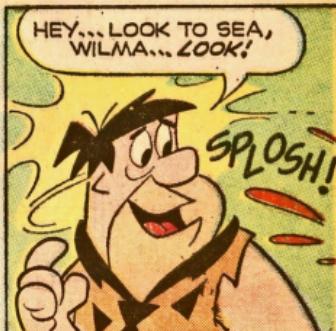
WELL, FOR ONE THING...  
THIS IS THE TIME OF YEAR  
WHEN THEY ALL MIGRATE  
TO ROCK-PILE ISLE!

THAT'S JUST  
THE THING  
I NEED TO  
KNOW...



ROCK-PILE ISLE IS ACROSS THE CHANNEL, BUT THIS HIGH-POWERED HAWK CAN MAKE IT!





... A BIG UPHEAVAL OF THE EARTH'S CRUST FROM THE OCEAN FLOOR IS FORMING A NATURAL CAUSEWAY TO THE MAINLAND!

AGE BEFORE BEAUTY IN THIS SITUATION!

BIFF!

SNAP!  
SNAP!

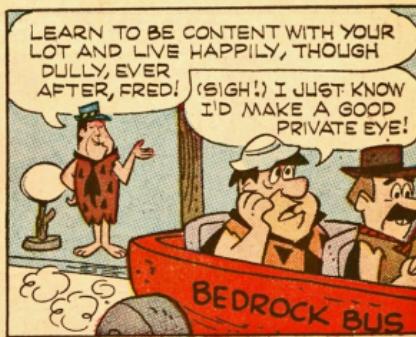
... AND, FRED... I GUESS I OWE YOU AN APOLOGY FOR ALL MY NAGGING ABOUT LADIES FIRST!

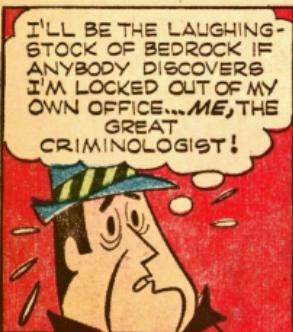
AW, FORGET IT, WILMA!

I'M GONNA TREAT YOU A LOT NICER STARTING NOW! IT'S BEGINNING TO RAIN SO I'M GETTING YOU AN UMBRELLA BIRD WITH A SAFETY ATTACHMENT!

AND SO...

UGH! SOME SAFETY DEVICE YOU GOT, FRED! IT TAKES A WEIGHT LIFTER TO CARRY IT!







SHORTLY...

FRED, CAN YOU TAKE  
SOME TIME OFF TO HELP  
ME ON A CASE?

ROCKBED  
QUARRY

YOU, THE  
LONE-EYE,  
NEED HELP?

I—I'M WEARY FROM  
OVERWORK! PLEASE HELP ME!

YAHOO! YOU  
TALKED ME INTO  
IT, PERRY!

SO...

THE CANDY  
BANDIT HAS  
JUST STRUCK  
AGAIN!

HEY... I'VE HEARD OF  
HIM... HE ROBS CANDY  
STORES OF BOTH THEIR  
DOUGH AND THEIR  
SWEETS!

KRUNCH CANDY  
SHOPPE

LOOK AROUND OUT HERE  
FOR CLUES, FRED! ER... MY  
EYES ARE TIRED!

CLUES...  
CLUES...

HEY... LOOK... A TRAIL OF GUMDROPS GOING DOWN THE ALLEY!

AFTER HIM, FRED!  
ER... I'LL FOLLOW WITH  
MY TIRED FEET!

... AND WHEN YOU GET TO HIS  
HIDEOUT... BASH DOWN THE DOOR  
AND ASK QUESTIONS LATER!

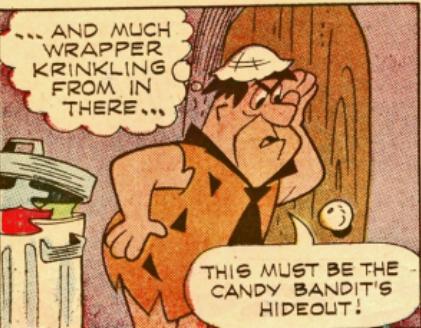
AYE, AYE,  
PERRY  
PAL!

YAK! AFTER HE BASHES  
DOWN MY DOOR, I'LL SCOLD  
HIM FOR MAKING A STUPID  
MISTAKE! HEH... THIS  
SHOULD ALSO CURE HIM  
OF WANTING TO  
BE MY HELPER!

BUT MEANWHILE, THE UNEXPECTED HAS HAPPENED... AN ALLEY-SAURUS WITH A SWEET TOOTH...

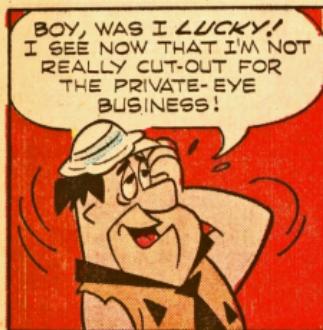
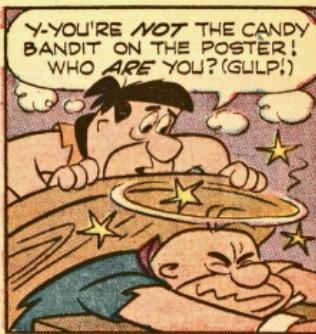


AND SO FRED STRAYS FROM THE PATH THAT PERRY HAD PLANNED FOR HIM TO TAKE...



THIS MUST BE THE CANDY BANDIT'S HIDEOUT!

ZOOM!



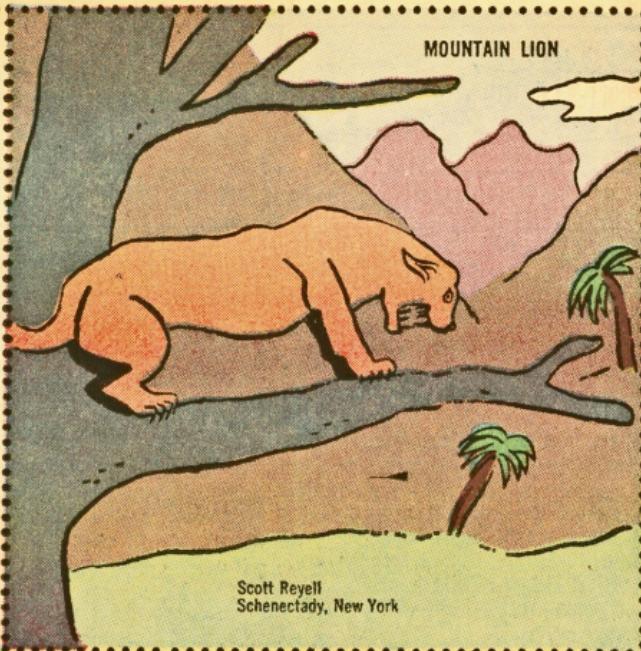


# Reader's Page

## ANIMALS

Our readers (that's you) are proving every day what talented artists they are. Here's a pageful of drawings you sent. Keep them coming! For best reproduction, draw in black ink on white paper. Mail to the address below.

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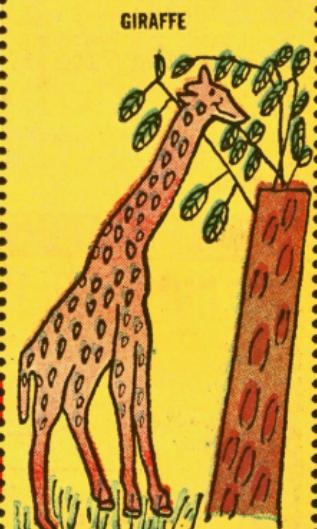
KANGAROO



KITTEN



GIRAFFE



Send each drawing, joke or other contribution on a separate sheet of paper • No payments are made for club contributions and no contributions can be returned. Letters cannot be answered individually • Watch club pages every month for replies, your drawings, jokes, written ideas and your name in print.

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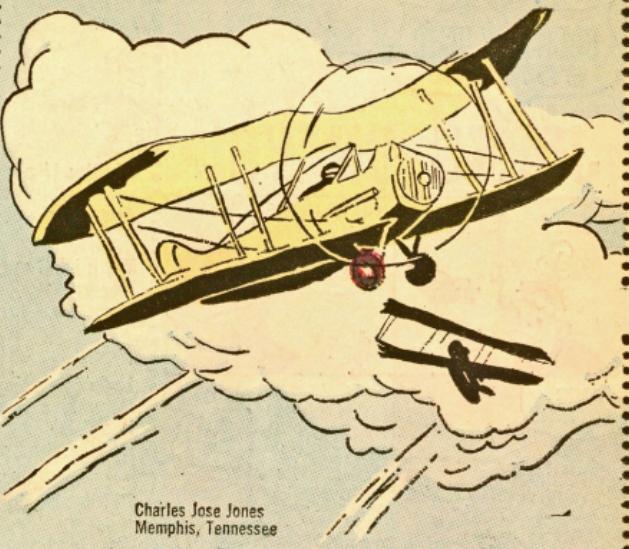
## Reader's Page

### AIRPLANES

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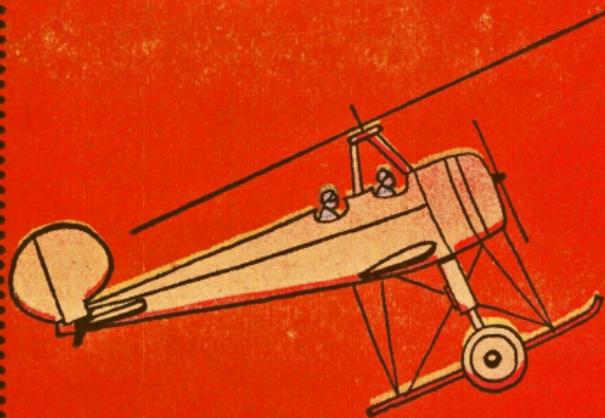
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#### WORLD WAR I FIGHTERS



Charles Jose Jones  
Memphis, Tennessee

#### CIERUA'S AUTOGLIRO



Frank MacIntosh  
Palatine, Illinois

#### F-102 CONSOLIDATED VULTEE



Dennis Regan  
Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin

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# JOKES ON YOU



**Riddle:** What is the difference between a running man and a running dog?

**Answer:** The man wears trousers and the dog pants.

Patrick Bragg—Chicago, Illinois

**Duane:** Where should a dressmaker make her shop?

**Marlene:** On the outskirts of the city.

Scott Hannah—Troy, Ohio

**Riddle:** Why can't a bike stand up by itself?

**Answer:** Because it's two-tired!

Terry Deal—Airville, Pennsylvania

**Riddle:** Why does the rain pour down in sheets?

**Answer:** To cover the river bed.

Ricky Largin—Birmingham, Alabama

**Customer:** When I bought this cat you told me he was good for mice. He doesn't go near them.

**Clerk:** Well, isn't that good for mice?

Vincent Maiello—Bronx, New York

**Mother:** What does that zero on your report card mean?

**Son:** That's no zero. The teacher ran out of stars, so she gave me a moon.

Sandra L. Kay—Parkersburg, West Virginia

**Riddle:** What day of the year is a command to go forward?

**Answer:** March fourth.

Pamela Middleton—Albany, New York

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**Man:** I'd like a round-trip ticket to the moon.  
**Ticket Seller:** Sorry, sir, the moon's full right now.

Dominic Fulco III—East Hartford, Connecticut

**Riddle:** Why is the rooster always so neat?  
**Answer:** Because he always has his comb with him.

Karen Statezny—Union Grove, Wisconsin

**Riddle:** If a carrot and cabbage had a race, which would win?  
**Answer:** The cabbage, because it's a head.

Jean Hourihan—Uxbridge, Massachusetts

**Tom:** I fell out of a ten-foot tree today.  
**Harry:** Were you hurt?

**Tom:** No, I just fell three feet.

Gwen Bryant—Aliceville, Alabama

**Lady (standing in the middle of a busy street):** Officer, can you tell me how to get to the hospital?

**Officer:** Just stand where you are.

James D. Rickard—Florence, Alabama

**Riddle:** During what month do people talk the least?

**Answer:** February — the shortest month of the year.

Jody Knoell—Lewellen, Nebraska

**Riddle:** What is a wisecracker?

**Answer:** A smart cookie.

Linda Caspary—Fremont, California

**Riddle:** Why is a policeman the strongest man in the world?

**Answer:** Because he can hold up cars with one hand.

Cathy Rose—Oakland, California

**Riddle:** Why is a cookbook exciting?

**Answer:** It has some stirring pages.

Gerald Romanzin—Calgary, Alberta, Canada

**Judge:** Have you ever been up before me?

**Prisoner:** I don't know. What time do you get up?

Jerry Prock—Wiburton, Oklahoma

**Riddle:** Why did the farmer feed his cow money?

**Answer:** To have rich milk.

Roberta Greenwell—Clearlake Highlands, California

**Riddle:** What did the beaver say to the tree?

**Answer:** It was nice gnawing you.

Ricky Fleehart—Bellevue, Washington

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Hanna-Barbera  
CAVE KIDS

# THE VANISHING TREE

PROGRESS IS PROGRESSING AT AN AMAZING RATE IN BEDROCK...

AUTOMATIC WEAPONS? WOW! YOU'RE A GENIUS, IZZY EINSTONE!

YOU NEED FEAR NEITHER MAN NOR SAURUS NOW, CHUMS!



WHO'S AFRAID OF ANYTHING NOW? WOO-WOO!

IT MAKES ME FEEL OOZY INSIDE TO ADVANCE MANKIND LIKE THIS!



NOT SO FAST, YOU SLITHERING SCIENTIST!

EH?



YOU'LL PUT ME OUT OF THE HEROIC-RESCUE BUSINESS IF EVERYBODY GETS AUTOMATIC WEAPONS!

RELAX, ROCKY RANGER...

WHICH BEING INTERPRETED MEANS...

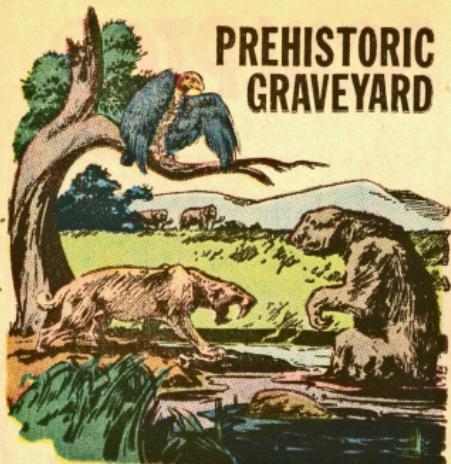








# PREHISTORIC GRAVEYARD



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Facing one of the longest, most fashionable, and most famous streets in the world, Wilshire Boulevard, in Los Angeles, California, lies a five hundred thousand-year-old graveyard of the prehistoric animal kingdom. Here have been found the skeletal remains of monstrous beasts who literally paid with their lives for a drink of water.

Known as Rancho La Brea, or the La Brea Tar Pits, this small fossil-bearing area, only a few city blocks square, has yielded up to science the largest collection of extinct creatures in the world.

In the days before man inhabited the world, giant mammals roamed the earth. From the mountains surrounding Rancho La Brea, they looked down upon what appeared to be an oasis in a vast desert. They saw pools shimmering in the sunlight, and believing they had found water to drink, they rushed toward it in vast herds and packs.

When they reached the pools in the lowlands, these lumbering beasts did not realize that the bubbles they saw were created by gases, that the rainbowlike colors resulted from the reflection of the sun on oil, and that a pit of tar thrust deep into the ground. Only the thinnest layer of water covered the surface.

But the beasts were thirsty, and they had come a long way for a drink. Some plunged in to cool themselves as they drank; others stepped in more warily, first one foot and then another. Regardless, all were trapped,

sucked into the thick tar as if into quicksand.

Belows of fear and anguish filled the air as these doomed creatures struggled to escape. Other predatory birds and beasts heard the screams and hastened to the scene to feast on their unfortunate fellows. They, too, fell victim to the pits of tar, some dragged down by their battling prey; others doomed to flounder alongside their trapped brothers.

When, in 1875, a project for the mining of asphalt deposits in Rancho La Brea was started, the tooth of a saber-toothed cat was unearthed. This discovery led to further exploration. No bodies were found, but the bones of thousands of extinct Ice Age creatures were exhumed and transferred to a museum, there to be laboriously reassembled into complete skeletons.

One pit was found to contain the bones of an entire herd of imperial mammoths. Another pit yielded the skulls of almost two hundred huge, fierce predatory wolves. Also found were the bones of giant ground sloths, mastodons, prehistoric camels, bison, and so many other birds and beasts that a complete record of the entire prehistoric animal kingdom was furnished.

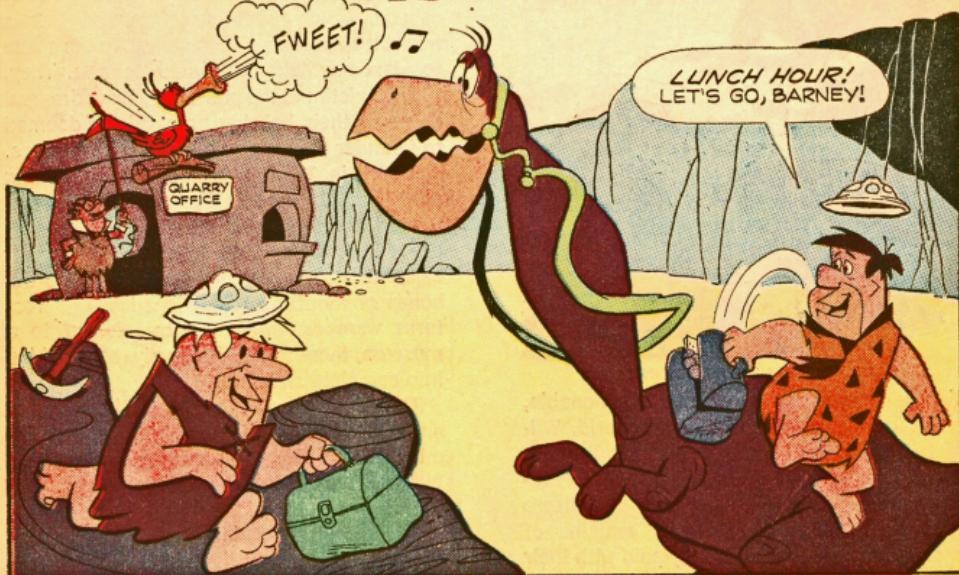
The discovery of Rancho La Brea dates back to 1769, when Gaspar de Portolá, the first white man to set foot on the territory which later became the city of Los Angeles, headed an expedition of Spanish explorers. It is believed that the existence of the tar pits was also known to early Indian residents of the area, who came there to gather the pitch to use for waterproofing their canoes.

Today, the La Brea Tar Pits are ringed by lush green lawns and paved paths; and tall, leafy trees shade the parklike area. Guard rails protect visitors from the fate of the prehistoric animals, but still the seething gases and the shimmering surface of the tar pits have an attraction for some of the smaller animals and birds. And, occasionally, one may become trapped in the tar, as was his ancestor of old.

As one gazes into the bubbling blackness of the Rancho La Brea Tar Pits, five hundred thousand years of life on this earth seem to fade, except that the roar of the doomed prehistoric beasts has given way to the roar of modern traffic.

Hanna-Barbera!

# THE FLINTSTONES THE SCULPTOR



HA-HA-HA! ...IT'S EVEN FUNNIER-LOOKING THAN OUR BOSS, FRED!

OH, I LOVE CHISELING CHARACATURES FOR A HOBBY!



AHEM!

MR. SLATER!!



EXCUSE ME...HEH-HEH...  
SEE YOU LATER!

WE'LL BE RUNNING  
ALONG AND...  
ER... HIDING NOW!



DON'T YOU DARE HIDE  
BEHIND MY BIG FAT...ER...  
STATUE, YOU  
PRANKSTERS!

M-MERCY,  
MR. SLATER!

YOUR LUNCH HOUR  
IS CANCELLED...  
I HAVE A SPECIAL  
ASSIGNMENT  
FOR YOU...

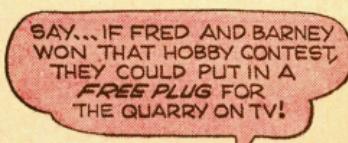
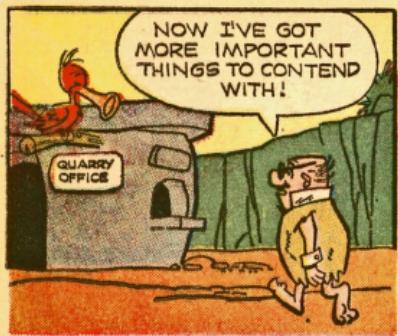
I WANT IT REDUCED  
TO GRAVEL...AND  
APOLOGIZE WITH  
EACH BLOW!

EXCUSE IT,  
BOSS, SIR!

BONK!

BEG YOUR HARD-  
HEARTED PARDON!





AND  
LATER...

BEAUTIFUL!  
I'LL HAVE IT  
HAULED TO  
THE TV  
CONTEST  
STUDIO NOW!

ER...  
BETTER BE  
CAREFUL...  
IT'S TOP  
HEAVY  
...FOR  
OBVIOUS  
REASONS!

... AND FRED... WHEN YOU WIN  
THE HOBBY CONTEST BE SURE  
TO PUT IN A GOOD WORD  
FOR THE QUARRY!

SURE,  
BOSS!



AND SO, THE  
HOUR OF  
JUDGEMENT  
ARRIVES...

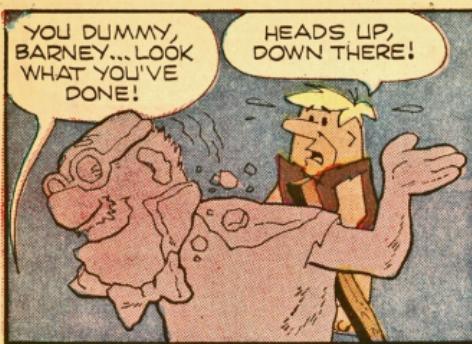
HERE  
THEY COME,  
BARNEY!

EVERYTHING'S  
IN TIP-TOP  
SHAPE!



HEY... GET OFF MR.  
SLATER'S DOME, YOU  
INSECTIPEST!





THE FLINTSTONES



THE FLINTSTONES



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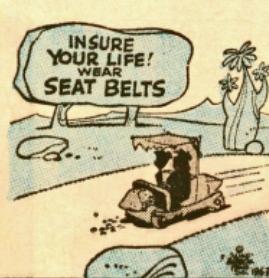
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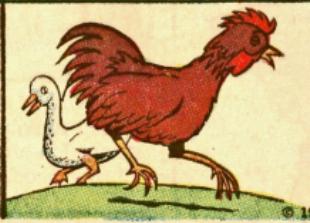
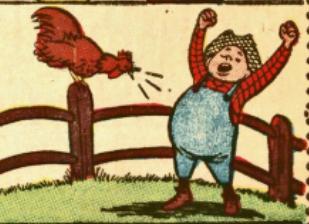
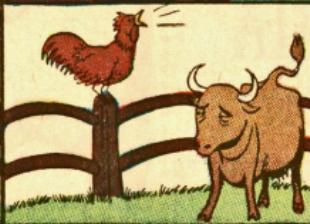
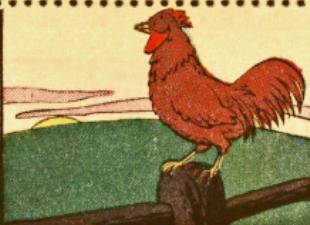


THE FLINTSTONES





## MINI-COMICS



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# DINOSAURIA

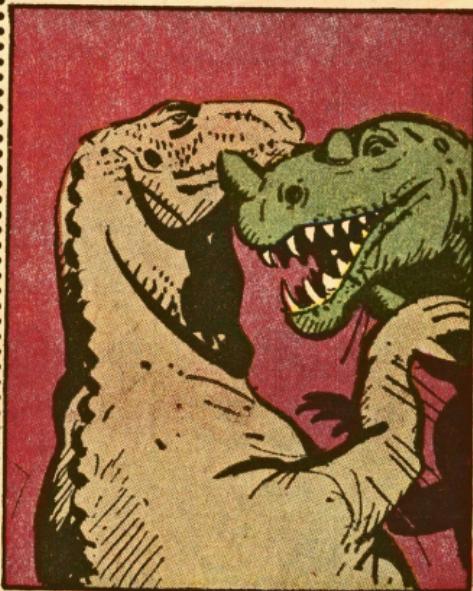
## IGUANODON



Loping across the European continent of a hundred million years ago, the iguanodon was a harmless plant-eating dinosaur, despite its stern appearance. Standing about eighteen feet high and measuring over thirty feet long, it advanced with hops on its powerful hindlegs, although it could move on all fours. The iguanodon's strong, long tail could serve as a lashing weapon, or a counterbalance as it made a short gallop on its hindlegs. Its name means "iguana tooth" as its teeth resemble those of a giant iguana.



Living mainly on twigs of pine trees, the iguanodon used its long tongue to draw down its food, much as a giraffe does.



The iguanodon's small forelegs had five digits, with the thumb shaped into a sharp spine it could use for defending itself.